Roxbury, Feb. 18, 1878.

My Dear Wendell:

You are right. I had forgotten that I sent you a copy of my letter to W. E. C., in the Concord Monitor; but I did not think of thereby evoking any discussion between us. I shall take it for granted that you will not object to seeing what your father may write for the public eye, whether in agreement with it or otherwise; and it will be unnecessary to acknowledge even the receipt of it.

William and Ellie, with Agnes, got safely home "on time" Saturday evening. They expressed themselves as having had a very gratifying visit, and gratefully

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appreciate the various kindnesses shown to them by you all. Ellie, however, does not indicate any improvement in her looks.

The "lunch" on board of the Ontario appears to have been a very pleasant occasion, and to have secured a large attendance — not a very difficult matter at any time where there is to be "high feeding." I was truly sorry to learn that wine (four different kinds) was freely provided and as freely imbibed, adding largely to the cost of the entertainment, and setting another bad example. I was hoping that Harry would discard a custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and make a precedent worth imitating. I do not suppose that either he or Fanny put the glass to their lips; but providing wine for others nullified the example of ab-

stinence on their part — if they did abstain. When will the spiritual nature of men keep in subjection the sensual?

I have been confined to the house for a week past by a severe attack of influenza apparently, attended with a cough and sore throat, and presenting symptoms not far removed from pneumonia or diphtheria. My head, too, has been heavily oppressed, and at the base of the brain there has been a good deal of pain and stiffness. These various symptoms are premonitory and admonitory, and warn me to let my brain lie fallow for a time — a most difficult matter. I am somewhat better, but not a little restless and miserable. Affectionate regards to Mrs. McKim and the children.

Your loving Father.

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